FORGOTTEN ALBUMS BEST LEFT FORGOTTEN

K.O.M.

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you may be asking yourself, "if these albums are truly best left forgotten, why even remind anybody of their existence?" i wish i had a better reason, but it's simply because i think they're all too amusing to completely forget. what can i say? i am a connoisseur of crap. a significant part of my music collection is dedicated to albums that are not kept for their listenability but simply for tangible proof that they exist, and that includes every album contained within these pages. actually listening to all of these albums in order to write about them was a somewhat painful experience. finding many different ways to say that each album sucks was also quite a challenge. some albums were harder to write about than others, but some albums are also harder to listen to than others. all in all, i hope this all amuses you as much as it amuses me. i started working on this before *blender* magazine's "50 worst songs ever" list was printed earlier this year, and i don't think it's quite the same thing, either. while their selections were all hits and are all obvious choices to anybody with any bit of decent musical taste, this is a collection of albums that are so bad that they really have been forgotten and will almost never be found in the average person's cd collection. of course, that made them even harder to write about because

nobody knows what they actually sound like. therefore, i've often had to use many other pop culture references in order to describe them. at the same time, i've had to limit my descriptions of some albums because i didn't want to go on too long about them. when i started writing a few of these on my livejournal, i wasn't planning on turning it into anything. i just thought it would be funny to talk about some of the crappy albums in my collection. but i was encouraged to write more and decided to collect them, so here they are. unfortunately, i've exhausted the best of my crap collection here, so i'm not sure when or if i will ever print a second issue. if you have an album to suggest for a future issue, please get in touch. or if you just want to comment on this issue, feel free to do that, too. of course, i do like decent music, too. but i'm also aware that music is relative, and what's music to my ears may not be to yours. somebody somewhere might even actually like one of the albums in this collection. i just hope they don't get too upset that i dissed their favorite band. anyway, i hope you enjoy this. i endured hours and hours of horrible music to write it, but it was worth it. thanks for your support.

love, david
september, 2004

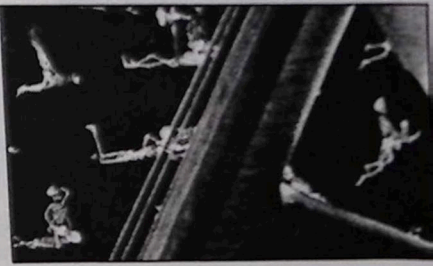
radio active cats
radio active cats
warner bros records (1991)

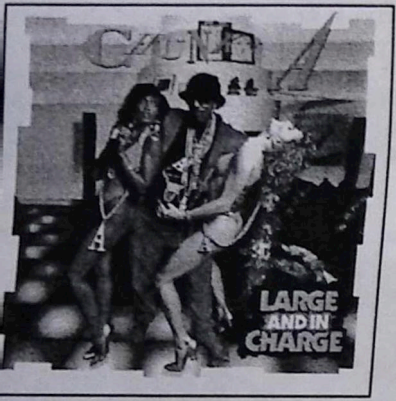
don't be fooled by their misnomer, for this band was never very active on the radio. this album must have come along right around the time of **nirvana**'s emergence, as they drove nails into the coffin of hair metal. however, despite the band's look, most of the music contained on this piece of plastic resembles that of **blueshammer** (the fictional band featured in *ghost world*) more than a band like **kix** or **winger**. each member of the band looks like somebody from an 80s metal band (clockwise from left: kip winger, mick mars, some guy from **extreme**, and jack russell of **great white**). but even those bands wouldn't come up with an album cover this lame, even though it is a literal interpretation of their equally lame name (although still not as bad as **the screamin' cheetah wheelies**). it's hard to tell in black and white, but the felines surrounding the band are actually green. warner bros, apparently thinking this disc would sell, gave it a special radioactive green tray.

while the cats do throw in a couple of rock ballads, like "think about love" (which should have probably been called "don't throw our love away"), most of the songs are a horrible blues/metal amalgamate that

i honestly cannot imagine anyone actually enjoying. song titles such as "finger in the pie" and "love razor" ("you feel so good / but you're as cold as ice / it feels so good / but you make me pay the price") should make it obvious enough that this is an album to stay away from. they even have an ode to a prostitute titled "cheap mascara" — "black leather cowboy boots / hair down to her knees / $25.00 in the back of that car / you know she'll make ya scream." the closing track, "wet, hot sweat," is my personal favorite; it even *almost* sounds like **morphine** for about ten seconds, until the vocals kick in — "you keep me locked up in a cage / so you can treat me like a sex slave / you like to break all the rules / someday you'll make the front page news." huh?

i just have to assume that andy wallace (who has actually produced some decent music in his time) must have really needed the money to have spent even an hour of his life on this. however, i should end this now before i spend an hour coming up with things to say about it. in closing, here is a close-up of the bass player's muscle tee from a picture in the liner notes. at first, i thought it was a vest, but it is actually a t-shirt that was probably custom cut with scissors. anyway, the reason i'm pointing it out is because it has all-over print of skeletons in various sexual positions. seriously. i don't know what's worse — that he actually wanted to wear this on the inside of his band's only album or that it was even designed and manufactured by somebody in the first place.





chunky a
large and in charge
mca records (1989)

this is yet another album by somebody who appeared in a **paula abdul** video that should have never made it to the production stage. for some reason, **arsenio hall** and executives at mca records thought this was a good idea. the only thing that saves this album is that it only contains nine songs. unfortunately, they all feel like a *mad tv* sketch or an **adam sandler** movie — seemingly neverending and not even funny in the first place.

this album kicks off with a song titled "owwww!," which is obviously made to sound like a leftover **cameo** jam, especially with the vocals. however, on the next song, which is the title track, "chunky" sounds like **kool moe dee**. and that is just one of the many problems with this album — even though "chunky" is supposed to be one guy, his vocals sound like a different popular artist from track to track. this was presumably done on purpose but doesn't seem to make much sense. the most obvious is the song called "very high key," which actually has a chorus that goes, "this song / is written in a very high key / this song / should be for **prince** and not me." because of the varying style parodies, this is kind of like a "black al" yankovic album (if such a thing were to actually exist).

quite possibly the standout shitty track is "ho is lazy," which blatantly lifts **fine young cannibals**' "she drives me crazy" for the chorus and background music. the original song is not sampled but re-recorded with a synthesizer, yet they are not credited with co-writing the song at all. i suppose being on the same label as fyc at the time prevented a lawsuit. in addition to rapping on this track, arsenio also does the voice of the "ho," who sounds like any nagging mom or wife in an old cartoon and says things like, "who you think you are, tellin' me to comb my hair? take off yo' hat! i wanna see yo' hair! what are you — vidal baboon?" jokes like this pervade this album, and if your sense of humor hasn't evolved past the age of 12 or you actually thought *soul plane* was a good movie, you will probably be rolling on the floor and pissing in your pants as you listen to it.

and just when you thought it couldn't get any worse... for some reason, this album takes an almost serious turn at the end on "dope, the big lie." this song wouldn't have been out of place on ***mr. t's commandments***, but it definitely feels forced on this one. to see what i mean, consider everything i've already written about this album and that the previous song's chorus was "let me check your oil / with my dipstick / let this young dog / teach you some new tricks." anyway, the dope song features clichéd spoken appearances by **ice-t, paula abdul, krs-one, wil wheaton** ("hi, this is wil wheaton of *star trek: the next generation.* just say no; avoid the temptation."), and even arsenio hall himself (as if he was really fooling anybody into thinking chunky a was a different person). i suppose it's all a decent enough sentiment, but the celebrity public service announcements and a chorus of "god would've given us wings if he wanted us high" probably wouldn't convince anybody to stop using "dope." in fact, i would imagine the only way to actually enjoy this album would most likely be while using "dope"... and, of course, spinning one's fist in the air and simultaneously making barking sounds.

jordy
pochette surprise
columbia records (1992)

this is one of the most disturbing albums in this collection (and in my record collection as a whole), yet it has sold more copies worldwide than all of the others combined. what deranged parents would even consider producing a techno album based around exploiting their 4-year-old son by splicing together recordings of him talking and sometimes singing? and that's not even that basic idea that truly makes it disturbing — it's the fact that they make **jordy** talk about how much he loves his girlfriend, how much all the ladies love him, and, of course, how tough it is to be a baby. of course, without the english translation in the booklet, i wouldn't even know what these songs were actually about because i don't speak french. i don't agree with the current "boycott of france" in this country, but this album alone should have sparked a worldwide boycott years ago.

the album gets the party started quickly with the worldwide #1 hit "dur dur d'être bébé! (it's tough to be a baby!)" i didn't know that 4-year-olds were still considered babies, but okay... after that, jordy keeps it going with "alison," a song about his girlfriend(!), of whom he says (translated to english), "she's so blond that you could just eat her up / she's so beautiful and tanned / and when she's sad / i take

and hold her hand." apparently, they start early over in france, as evidenced further on "les boules (losers)." in this song, jordy calls somebody a loser because "the girls, they're all crazy 'bout me." but in between those songs about jordy's ladies is one about his little sister, "ma petite soeur," with an oddly sensual sounding introduction by his mom. making the album even more disturbing is the alternation between jordy being a pimp and a baby. "c'est pas nous (that's not for us)" is a fairly aggressive dance song that could almost have made it to the *mortal kombat* soundtrack if it wasn't sung by a 4-year-old. the song is basically about how kids aren't allowed to do anything ("they treat us like babies / punks, good for nothings"), but turns almost activist out of nowhere at the end ("kids, wake up! / what about the earth, the future, the pollution"). the last song on the album (before the remixes and english version of the first track) might be even weirder than the others. "jordy rave show" (which is almost all in english) begins with an announcer who screams, "and now, introducing the world's shortest and brightest star to date... give a hearty welcome to mr. ooh-la-la himself... super baby, jordyyyyyyy!" after that, a fake crowd cheers and chants "jor-dy!" while some guy sings, "c'mon now, jordy / move your feet." snippets of jordy come in later, as if he is actually working the crowd, followed by another guy rapping about how awesome jordy is. while i realize that jordy's dad must have had his tongue firmly in his cheek (but dollar signs in his eyes) while producing this album, it still remains a very odd and unsettling album. apparently, jordy's music was eventually banned from radio and television by the french government, to prevent his further exploitation.

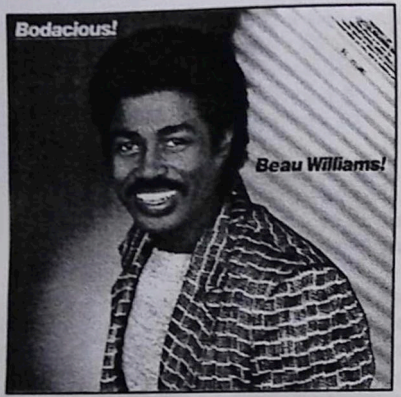
jesse camp
jesse & the 8th street kidz
hollywood records (1999)

i really believe that the only reason hollywood records still exists is because disney simply has too much money to blow and continues to fund them, as they seem to have the worst track record of any big label... well, except for **fastball**, **hilary duff**, and all of the **queen** reissues. this album certainly doesn't break their usual mold.

while listening to this, one may notice that jesse's vocals are usually quite low in the mix. at the same time, they'll also notice that there is a reason — he's completely fucking annoying. i cannot imagine how painful it was to actually record his vocals, listening to take after take and then having to listen to it even more while making a final mix. anyone who saw him on mtv knows what jesse's speaking voice sounds like, so just imagine him attempting to "sing." it's a term i use loosely, as i would compare his vocals to a combination of **chris robinson** (of **the black crowes**) with laryngitis, the guy from **great white**, the guy from **new found glory**, and **bobcat goldthwait**. most of the time, he's really just talking, often going off on incoherent rants at the end of a song. on one track, he is actually credited as playing tenor saxophone, which ends up being freer than free jazz. there are plenty of group backup

vocals, in an attempt to fill out the songs and drown out jesse's caterwauling. on a song titled "my little saviour," one of the slow jams on the album, **stevie nicks** actually provides the backup vocals! i can only assume that somebody at disney/hollywood records had compromising photographs of her that they promised to destroy if she would sing on jesse camp's album. apparently, **rick nielsen** (of **cheap trick**) also plays guitar on a few songs. these appearances are almost as surprising as **chuck d** actually rapping on a track from **vanilla ice**'s *bi-polar* album.

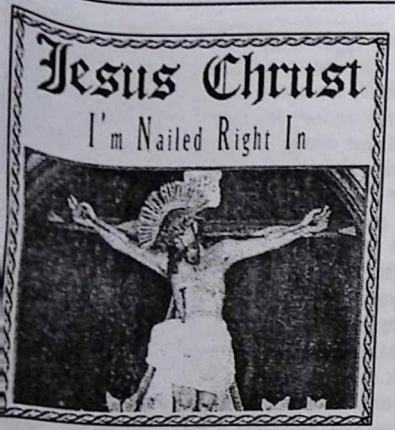
the thing about jesse camp's album is that it isn't even slightly amusing. most of these albums that i am writing about are so bad that they are almost funny, but jesse's album is just horrible. who wants to listen to this besides girls who think he's cute and have no taste in music? i listened to it once in order to write this, and i don't think i will ever play it again. somehow this album managed to sell 10,000 copies, which is still shocking considering how bad it is. however, it's also not saying much when **william hung** has sold 10 times as many copies of his album. while william is somewhat endearing on his own, jesse has to try a little harder, as evidenced by these heartwrenching words from the liner notes written in the most annoying scrawl i have ever seen: "if your heart chooses a different path than the one chosen for you by others, follow your heart and be who you want to be. you may [have] to leave home and give up on some you tried to love to do so but, remember, your family ain't the people you're born to, it's the real people who love you for your heart and spirit and will do anything to keep them whole... you're not alone and you're not a freak. you're beautiful. you've always got friends in new york. we'll be with you no matter where you are. your big brother, jesse." april and i saw jesse in los angeles earlier this year, driving a purple-spraypainted, smoke-coughing camaro or firebird into the parking lot of in-n-out burger on sunset boulevard. he's toned down his look a bit (i almost didn't recognize him), but he still looked like he hadn't bathed in as long as he could remember.



beau williams!
bodacious!
capitol records (1984)

i actually acquired this when a friend's neighbors got evicted and left a bunch of their stuff behind on the front lawn, and it's stuck around ever since. my guess is that this album was released in an attempt to cash in on the popularity of **ray parker jr.**'s "ghostbusters" (and he even plays on a couple of the songs), but it failed to make a similar impact. looking at this album cover, one almost feels sorry for beau williams, whose name was not permanently adorned with an exclamation point like **al b. sure!** but was surely only done for this album cover — he just looks so happy, as if he truly believes this album is as good as its title. the back cover even goes so far as to define the word itself as "outright unmistakably remarkable, noteworthy, completely unmitigated." unfortunately, this album is none of those, unless they are used to describe how much it sucks. based on the lyrics to almost all of the songs, beau has a hard time getting the ladies and is desperate to have sex. the first song is called "don't say no" and is a pathetic plea against getting dissed. the very next song is called "the last time i made love," but the first song leads the listener to believe that it must have only been a wet dream. the a-side ends with a song called "danger zone," but it's nothing like the *top gun* hit, except for the wailing guitar solos at the end. the

b-side is more of the 80s pseudo-funk/jazz/bullshit that the first side stinks up the speakers with. however, the second song is a slow jam called "you are the one," the only one on the album penned solely by mr. willams. it's out of place with the rest of the album, which leads one to believe that it was the type of music that the artist truly wanted to make — yet another example of record execs thinking they know what the public wants and missing the mark completely. but that one song is something that would almost definitely be played on wjzz, atlanta's smooth jazz station and my favorite station to listen to in the car (except for the fact that they seem to only have about 10 different songs in their playlist). after that one, he decides he doesn't want to get laid so badly afterall and sings about how he won't be some woman's slave anymore on the appropriately titled "slave." a total of only eight songs makes this seem like a half-hearted release. you can only pull off a scam like that if you're **iron butterfly**, **led zeppelin**, or **phish**. apparently, after one more album for capitol, he went on to be a fairly well-known gospel singer and even had a "best of" collection released in 1995 (no surprise that none of them are songs from this album). but i suppose that's not saying much when **ugly kid joe** and **ub40** have their own as well. and hey, **jimmy eat world** went on to become platinum sellers after they left/were dropped from capitol. at any rate, beau, even if this album doesn't live up to its name, you did your best at trying to convince us with the pictures of you dancing on the record jacket. unfortunately, the musical results are all so bad, it's almost not funny. even ray parker jr. on guitar and a man listed simply as "ndugu" on drums couldn't save *bodacious!* from becoming a forgotten album best left forgotten.

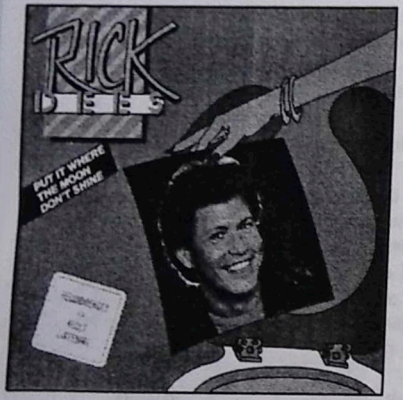


jesus chrust
i'm nailed right in
fudgeworthy records (1993)

while technically not an album, this picture disc(!) record does manage to cram 17 "songs" onto seven inches of plastic. i ordered it through the mail after seeing an advertisement when it was released because i thought its title was amusing, but i had no idea what it sounded like. what i discovered was something that i can now relate loosely to the first **fantômas** album, except without any real musical talent. the members of this band are (as shown on the back cover) **st. john the rapist** on guitar, **st. peter the pussyeater** on bass, **jehovah hitler** on drums (and skill saw), and **jesus chrust** doing the vocals. the sonic quality of this record is that of recording in a basement (it says it was recorded at "flooded basement") with one mic attached to a boombox, although i don't know what their setup actually was. needless to say, it sounds like crap, which makes the extra cost of pressing a picture disc even more ridiculous. mr. chrust seems to be singing/screaming through a distortion pedal and an excessive amount of reverb, making the words indecipherable without the lyric sheet. the lyrics consist of nothing but bible quotes. unfortunately, no book/chapter/verse information is included, so it's hard to say where they all came from unless you have the bible memorized or have a lot of patience to search for their context. the

music is fairly standard grindcore, i suppose. not being a huge fan of the genre and knowing many bands, i might compare them to **anal cunt**. most of the songs are droning and boring, with the standout being "pay double" (the 11th song), which takes its lyrics from exodus 22:7 (i looked it up) — "if a man shall deliver / unto his neighbor / money or stuff to keep / and it be stolen out of the man's house / if the thief be found / let him pay double!" other song titles include "teats of their virginity," "these stones turn bread," "revenger of blood," and "fire in zion." i must say that while this record does suck, i do have a slight, strange admiration for it. this is a record that must have been created for no other reason than to annoy overzealous christian parents. if they only heard it, they would probably have a heart attack or immediately throw it into the fireplace. however, if they were to read the lyrics before freaking out, they would realize that their kid was actually getting a bible lesson. sure, it may be the parts of the bible that most people overlook, but it's all still from the bible. i never tried to see how my parents would react to this record, instead choosing to keep it hidden from their view. considering that they didn't even want me listening to **alice in chains**, i can't even imagine their reaction based on the cover art alone (which is actually quite tame to me but inevitably blasphemous to them).

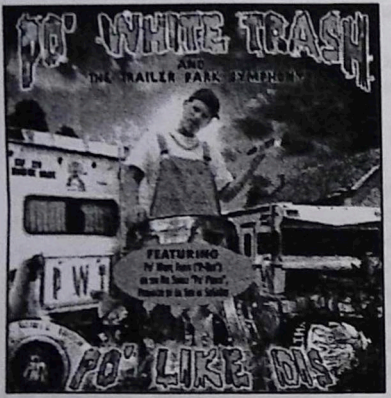
despite the blasphemous humor in it all, this record is still best left forgotten. according to the sleeve, it was a limited edition of 2000 and is inevitably impossible to find these days. but at the same time, i'm somewhat surprised that 2000 people actually wanted a copy of it. however, i'm more surprised that 5 *million* people wanted a copy of the new **usher** album. this country is going to hell.



rick dees
put it where the moon don't shine
atlantic records (1984)

i realize that this is a "comedy" album and is therefore subject to lower standards than the average album, especially since only five of its 13 tracks are actually songs. however, this is so painfully unfunny that it earns a place on this list. never has the cover of an album been as appropriate as this one, which shows dees being put in the toilet. the opening track is a danceable ditty titled "i can feed you love," a duet with **rockwell** (you know, the "somebody's watching me" guy who actually had **michael jackson** singing the most memorable part of his one hit). that alone is enough for this album to earn its place here, but it gets worse. the next track is a prank call where rick pretends he is michael jackson's manager (and michael himself) making demands for a fake concert. the guy on the other end is a complete asshole when they reveal that it was all a joke, but he does give dees the title of the album in reference to where he can put "michael's" glove. this is only the first of five "candid phone" tracks on the album, which get progressively less funny. after that is a song called "eat my shorts." who knew or remembered that rick dees actually made a song out of that catchphrase (while also adding "choke on polished cotton") years before bart simpson ever uttered it? at the end of the a-side is a 30 second parody with lead vocal duty

by **danny gans** (you know, "the man of many voices" and "entertainer of the year" from the mirage in las vegas) titled "when sonny sniffs glue." the writer of "when sunny gets blue," a song which has been recorded by many different artists since the 1950s and is surely earning him plenty of royalty checks, took dees' parody to court two years after the album was released. surprisingly, the case was actually dismissed under fair use laws, although the judge probably realized that nobody bought this album, anyway. the b-side kicks off with a leftover disco song called "get nekked," which actually has more in common with tommy lee's **methods of mayhem** song than one might imagine — most obviously that they both suck. the last track worth mentioning on the album is titled "ratt rage." it begins with a father (dees) banging on his daughter's bedroom door and yelling at her to "turn that crap off" while some hair metal song (presumably **ratt**) is playing in the background. "dad, i love it so much! ratt's my favorite band," she yells back. "i'll show you a rat," he replies and breaks the record. "i can't concentrate on my work downstairs," he says as he walks downstairs and starts up a jackhammer. wow. i've heard better skits on an **insane clown posse** album! okay, not really. the funniest part of this album is the "recommended for adult listening" sticker that was on the front cover (pre-"parental advisory" days). i suppose that "any listening is not recommended" would have been more appropriate but certainly wouldn't have helped album sales. however, there isn't anything truly "adult" on this album, as every "adult" word is edited out with a cuckoo sound in its place. on some of those prank calls, that ends up being a lot of cuck-ing cuckoos.

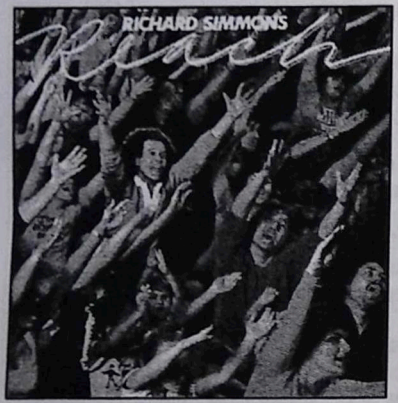


po' white trash
and the trailer park symphony
po' like dis
pocket change productions (2001)

this guy has managed to combine most of what **bubba sparxxx**, **insane clown posse**, **vanilla ice**, and **limp bizkit** have done and taken it to a whole new level of shittiness. (well, can anyone really be shittier than icp?) this isn't bad on quite the same level as most bad rap, as a lot of the beats are actually not too bad. but there is something about this album that is just so annoying that it makes me want to smash it with a sledgehammer. i suppose that is because it is basically the **fred durst** version of "crunk." (at least one of the tracks was even produced by **lil jon**.) **po' white trash** (or "p-dub") is an even whinier rapper than durst, which easily makes every track immediately skippable. at the same time, the redneck schtick on pretty much every track also increases the annoyance level. right away with the first track ("creepin'"), the chorus has a woman singing, "hey, you / what'cha gonna do / uncle jesse hittin' daisy duke / rosco diggin' lulu." with that, p-dub manages to get both *dukes of hazzard* and incest references out there at the same time. the second track is 19 second country ditty with no other lyrics besides, "i'm diggin' up guts." from that, the album goes to a track titled "luv dem peaches," which loops a sample of an electric slide guitar riff for the background music. almost every line is

ridiculously repetitive like a **juvenile** song, ending with, "make me wanna [insert verb here] them peaches." the next track ("psychedelic white bread") is the first to sound almost exactly like a lil jon song. it also has a strange intro, with some guy imitaing a woman and saying, "you don't know me. i'm from new york or suh'in'. i need some haterade up in here." then it has an even stranger outro, with a guy calmly saying, "ah, excuse me, ma'am... i see that you're a little bit drunk. why don't you follow me? please, hold onto the sausage. no, no, no... don't slob on it; just hold it." that is followed by an evil laugh, a woman sobbing, and the end of the song. um... what? i want to say that it gets worse after that, but it's really hard for that to be possible. the rest of the album continues the redneck schtick with lines like, "i got the copenhagen stains in the pockets of my versace" and mentions of piggly wiggly. the entire album also contains plenty of bad puns about sex like, "a tisket, a tasket / my chub in your basket." honestly, i don't even know what he's saying most of the time because of his weird redneck-yet-trying-to-be-black accent. in addition, the insert with this disc is one sheet with printing only on the front, so no transcribed lyrics are available. anyway, it's pretty much the same crap throughout — being a redneck, having sex, getting "lost in the sauce," and talking shit. but the closing track ("stop lyin'") loops a creepy choir sample in the background and actually features **cee-lo** on the chorus. i'd have to say that it's probably the best song on the album, relatively speaking. but didn't cee-lo have something better to do at the time? at least i can say that we all have something better to do than to listen to this album.

while p-dub looks kind of scary on the front cover (which also looks like every other rap album at the time), his photo on the back cover looks kind of like randal from *clerks* (see right).



richard simmons
reach
elektra/asylum records (1982)

in the days before everybody owned a vcr, workouts were made available to people on records. this wasn't really anything unusual at the time. however, what makes this different is that **richard simmons** actually attempts to sing. this isn't one of those exercise records that is nothing more than a collection of easy listening hits by **journey** or **reo speedwagon** with jane fonda barking orders over them. this is a collection of songs written specifically for this record, with richard simmons simultaneously yelling directions and singing about not eating junk food. the record begins appropriately with a song titled "wake up." however, i can think of very few worse ways to start my day than hearing richard simmons' whiny-ass voice screaming, "good morning! boy, am i gonna wake you up! now, listen — are you ready to bust your chops?!" um... no.

hearing this album makes me wonder who has actually listened to it while exercising. first, i picture a pudgy, bored housewife in a neon pink sweatsuit, complete with legwarmers and a headband, dancing around her living room and triumphantly singing along with lyrics like, "don't feed me lines / 'bout all the times / you've tried to change your life / when you sneak downstairs / for that one éclair." at the

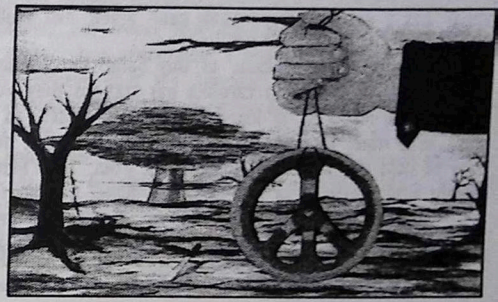
same time, i also picture somebody wearing that same outfit while just sitting on their couch, smoking a cigarette and eating potato chips while the record pops in the run-off groove at the end of the a-side because they are too lazy to actually get up and turn it over.

while most of the songs on this are totally cheezy 80s dance jams meant to get the listener's blood pumping and body moving ("you're going to have to shake your bootie [sic] and do some sweating, and that's all there is to it," he says in the liner notes), each side ends with a self-affirming power ballad meant for a cool down. in the enclosed booklet, which gives visuals of the exercises and directions as to which ones to do for each song, he writes this about the song at the end of the a-side: "this song is for you. close your eyes, breathe deeply and listen to the lyrics. this is not the time to get up and defrost a pizza." but by that song, the average listener has probably already *eaten* a pizza. as if anybody really needed evidence of richard's sexual preference, he begins the opening track of the b-side by actually yelling, "gimme some tight buns, and here we goooo!" (okay, that's a cheap shot, but he really does say that.) the b-side is more of the same from the first side, with more songs about not overeating. but there's also one about *under*eating ("stop and start") — "first you're on a liquid diet / then a shot as you still try to lose / throw out the pills and plastic pants / this is your chance!" richard closes the album with another cool down song ("this time"), which kind of reminds me of **styx** for some reason. it's the song about how "this time" is going to be the time that the listener actually sticks to their exercise plan and loses weight. heh... okay. poor richard, he's so optimistic. hey... hand me a donut, will you?

cump'ny meet'n
hold the peace
self release (1998?)

their name alone is almost definitely the worst band name ever created, aside from **limp bizkit**, and it was what initially drew me to this cd as it sat on the shelf at a local used cd store. but then i saw the cover, a snapshot of the band huddled together while doing their best to look menacing, and knew that i had to own this for proof that it existed. after looking at the disc itself and hearing the vocals kick in on the first track, it's obvious that these guys long for the days when bands like **enuff z'nuff**, **tesla**, and **jackyl** were still selling albums. a copyright date isn't listed anywhere on the disc, but it was recorded in 1997 and is dedicated to a friend of the band who was killed by a drunk driver in 1998 ("please party responsibly," they add). this appears to be a concept album of some sort, as the inside cover bears a story that incorporates all of the album's song titles (which i have underlined): "the traveler walked the land alone, searching for souls. he knew it was hell on the highway. the road he traveled was long and rough. the game he played was dirty, down and mean. he reeked [sic] havoc across the land, until he came to the fork in the road. he realized he could no longer hide behind the passion. so beware his warning: try to resist the sweet stuff in the world as long as you can! i know i can't stop you, but remember,

hell hath no mercy! on judgement day you will be answering to a higher power. so if you want to party with us in th afterlife, hold the peace until the end of time." yeah, i don't know what that means either, but i do wish that "part with us (in the afterlife)" was a song title. i would imagine that if one could actually understand the lyrics, it might mak some sense. i guess it just has something to do with the world ending, as evidenced in the chorus to "judgement day, which tells the listener to "get your shit together" or "there's gonna be hell to pay." the booklet also contains th following illustration, which goes along with the aforementioned story. it appears to be a depiction of the end of the world, complete with a mushroom cloud in the background, barren trees, and a sword stuck in the scorched earth unfortunately, i can't understand the lyrics well enough to tell what that song is actually about either. this only makes the title of the album even more confusing — are we supposed to hold the peace like we "hold the mayo" on a sandwich, or are we actually supposed to hold a symbol of it in our radioactive hands (the actual color of the hand is green) as the world is brought to its apocalypse? however we're supposed to hold it, we are to do it until the end of time, indeed.



most of what is contained on this disc is what can truly be labeled as "mullet rock," which is admittedly less funny since it has become a nationwide joke. however, this turd rises to the top of the pile by its own stankiness (and i don't mean that in a good, **outkast** type of way). the opening song's hot guitar

licks feel stolen from "smells like teen spirit," while the rest of the music and the vocals on the album feel stolen from any hair metal band who may have been popular a decade before this album was recorded. the singer has the whiny vocal quality down, but his falsetto wail always seems to crack and fall flat. they even bring in the double kick drum and out-of-tune tough guy chorus chanting a few times for good measure. but even if this album had been released in the 1980s, one would still have to chug at least an entire case of pabst blue ribbon in order to actually tolerate it. however, i imagine that their target audience probably makes a sport of that on a nightly basis.

my favorite part of the entire package is the fact that one of the members is actually wearing the band's t-shirt on the cover of their album. i can't really blame him for wanting to show it off, as it's a lovely white shirt with a custom-cut collar and a design incorporating neon green, evil skulls and neon pink flames.

i have no idea what became of this band, but i would guess that they're probably still working at the north carolina gas stations they worked at to finance this album. a "fan club" address is listed in the liner notes, so let me know if you want it. until next time, remember to stay away from that sweet stuff and try to find out how to hold the peace. if these lyrics from "hide behind the passion" hold any real insight into the mind of this forgotten band, maybe it's all something we were never quite meant to comprehend: "there is a rhyme behind the reason / there is a ghost inside my brain / there is a reason for the reason / but all these thoughts i can't explain." ponder that shit, y'all.

edelweiss
bring me edelweiss
atlantic records (1988)

this isn't actually a full album, but it deserves a mention in here simply because it is the worst song ever made. if you have never heard it before, imagine the atrocious amalgam of leftover music by **haddaway**, the tune of **abba**'s "s.o.s." (with different lyrics — "so when you really love me, darling, bring me edelweiss"), tarzan sound effects, plenty of yodeling, strange chanting, polka and folk music record scratching, and a bit of rapping thrown in for good measure. this song went to the top of the charts in england, germany, and austria (where **edelweiss**, who took their name from their national flower, are from) and was apparently even somewhat popular in u.s. clubs. but every time i hear it, even over 15 years later, i still can't believe that it's actually a real song. While the average person is probably better off never hearing this song in their entire lifetime, I also like to play it for people, just so they know what the worst song ever made actually sounds like. I will end this with a bit from the rap breakdown, which doesn't seem quite as bad as it really is without actually hearing the song:
"woman, i need some austrian rubbing / i know what it means / i better start grubbing / for the dopest flower from the top of the mountain / i know why you want it / it don't grow on the ground."

lisa whelchel
all because of you
nissi records (1984)

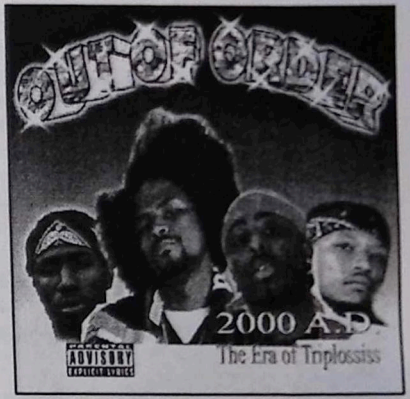
what else could fans of blair warner from *the facts of life* want more than a collection of songs about being a good christian sung by their favorite television star (out of character, of course)? i would imagine many things, including but not limited to a removal of their ear drums. for somebody who appreciates cheezy 80s music like myself, the songs on this album alone aren't even completely horrible. well, okay... they are pretty bad, but it's lisa's voice combined with the lyrics make this album especially hard to tolerate for very long. not considering myself a christian, i usually find songs about god to be somewhat tedious and boring, with **joy electric** being the only real exception. this album is no different for me because most of the lyrics are so trite that they sound as if they came from almost any christian song ever written, as the basic story of jesus doesn't seem to leave a lot of room for creativity. the only real standout on the album is called "good girl," in which lisa's fairly annoying singing almost works. it's also the only song that isn't completely about god. in just under four minutes, she tells the story of a 16-year-old girl battling between being good and also attempting to fit in with "the crowd." she has been influenced by them to do things like talk on the phone, read *seventeen* magazine, and paint her nails. but

everything goes wrong for her when she speeds (gasp!) on her way to the hollywood bowl, gets pulled over by the highway patrol, and then has all of her friends bail on her — "she could have seen right through them / if she'd taken those wrap-around shades off." i would imagine that this was the song they put on the album simply to lure the teenage girls into listening to the rest of it, as it is the only one that could be considered secular. the song about god that i have the hardest time with is titled "just obey." not only are the lyrics really bad ("i'm aware / obedience / can be hard / seem unfair / don't ask why / obedience / why waste time / time can fly"), but they're also a bit much for a pop song — "jesus left his high station / his place of exaltation / to take on human form and breath / won for us redemption / when he fulfilled his mission / he was obedient to death." whoa. the b-side continues with "shelter" and "cover me lord," which are pretty much the same song, differing mostly in their tempo. somewhat oddly, the beginning of the title track, which was co-written by lisa, reminds me of the intro on **gerry rafferty**'s "baker street" (before the sax kicks in). but then it's just a cheezy song about how awesome her life is since she found god. the album closes with a sleeper appropriately titled "he sings me to sleep." however, if i didn't know that this was supposed to be about god from the rest of the album and the capitalized pronouns, i would assume that it's about an estranged lover, especially in the last verse — "his strong hands brush my brow / wiping all my fears away / i feel his touch now / his words are soft and sweet." aside from the lyrics, i can picture most of these songs having a part in many early 80s teen movies, even if only in the background at a party or playing in a teenage girl's room. ("good girl" is just asking to have been played during a teenage drunk driving scene, where a girl is all pissed at her parents, steals their car and sings along to the song, gets wasted at a party, decides to drive home before she sobers up because she feels guilty and doesn't want to be grounded, gets in an accident, and then finds jesus.) however, that's not really saying too much because most songs in early 80s movies don't really stand up too well after twenty years. likewise, neither does this album. sorry, lisa.

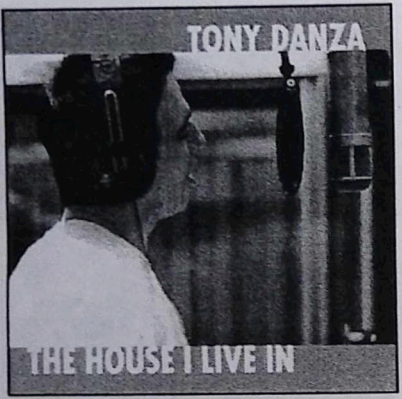
3 × krazy
sick-o
str8 game records (1995)

these days, shitty rap groups are even easier to find than shitty rock bands. afterall, it takes even less talent to simply pick up a mic than to also pick up a guitar. every wannabe rapper dreams of being the newest ca$h money millionaire, and apparently every wannabe rapper can also afford to put out their own album. with the rap market being so flooded, it's amazing that anybody actually makes any money at all. it's also inevitable that some albums simply end up at the dollar store, which is where i found these two coasters by **3 × krazy** and **out of order**. the former caught my eye with its cover art, which looks very similar to **jc chasez**'s solo album, *schizophrenic*. unfortunately for him, jc didn't take note from 3×k and realize that wearing a straitjacket on your album cover only works for metal bands (see **quiet riot**'s *metal health*). of course, the second thing i noticed was their name, which reminded me of a certain fictional group from *mr. show* while also spelling "crazy" with a "k" for no apparent reason. then i actually looked at the tracklist and noticed songs titled "somethin' 4 dat ass" and "hoe [sic] fuckin' season" ("fuckin' hos, nuttin' in 'em, makin' 'em have abortions"). needless to say, these songs are as bad as their titles, but somehow this group managed to get a major label deal with their subsequent

album actually (albeit barely) making it into the billboard top 200. honestly, i have no idea what "triplossis" means, and a quick google search brings up nothing but pages about out of order's album. this album is bad on so many levels, starting with the cover art again. somebody with very poor photoshop skills cropped individual pictures of the members and hastily pasted them together, without even taking the time to smoothly erase the edges first. it only gets worse on the inside, where a snapshot of **dmx** by himself and another of them at a party with **nelly** are included presumably to give them cred. they also include their "top 10 st. louis slangs," which include "tranked-out" ("when you fucked up"), "g-code-click" ("any click [sic] of girls 5 or more"), and "star" ("rats spelled backwards"). try those out at the next party you attend. my favorite track on this album is "hell nah," which gives the gas face to "niggas" and "bitches" who try to mess with them. it's all pretty standard stuff, really. **lil jon** and **twista** even make appearances on separate songs, but their money-making luck didn't rub off on the group. the sad thing is that this could have actually sold well, as it sounds like the **ying yang twins** or any other bullshit rap that is popular on hot 107.9, atlanta's crunk radio station, lately. crunk... no talent? no problem.



out of order
2000 a.d. the era of triplossis
p.d. waxx records (2002)

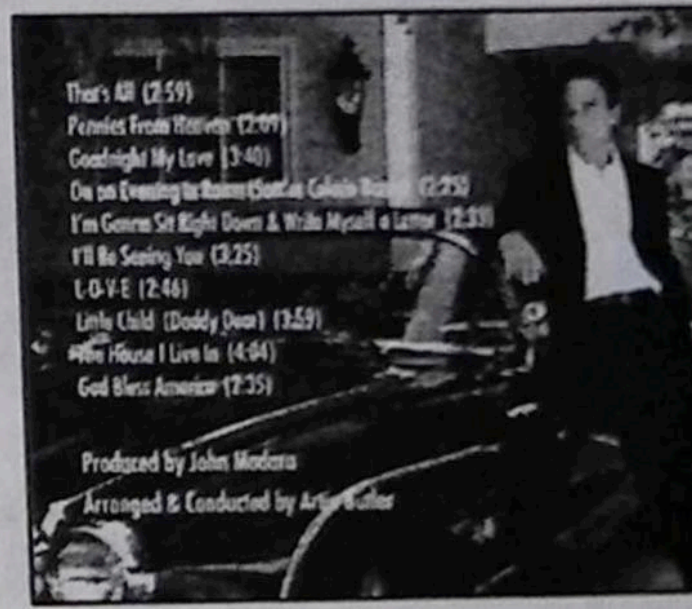


tony danza
the house i live in
keep punchin' music (2002)

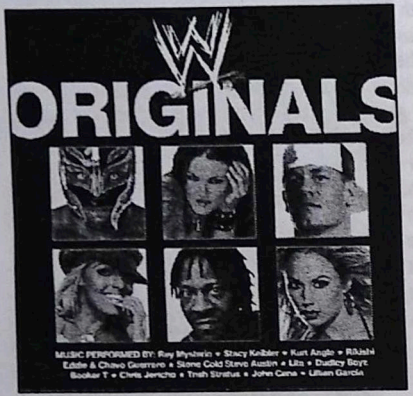
i *almost* feel bad about including this album here, as **tony danza** says he has wanted to record an album since he was a kid and is genuinely proud of this. but at the same time, a lot of people want to record albums, and being famous shouldn't automatically be enough reason for it to actually happen. in all honesty, his voice is decent. the problem with this album as a whole is that it's all just too cheezy to actually take seriously. it just feels like something that he should have pressed and given to friends and family members instead of actually trying to sell. not to mention, it's fucking tony from *who's the boss?* and *taxi*. he may be a nice guy, but he's just not somebody that one would make a part of their music collection.

with only ten songs (no danza originals), this album goes by quickly. but while most of the album is a collection of upbeat and mostly big band songs, the last three songs slow any momentum that was gained in the first seven songs to a halt. the first and second of the three are the title track and a duet titled "little child (daddy dear)," both of which feature tony's then-nine-year-old daughter. sure, she was only nine when this album came out, but one thing that irritates me more than almost anything is kids singing. the duet isn't quite as

bad as one of those "wheels on the bus" collections from television with 50 kids singing at once, but it is still so ho that it should have been heard by her mother and nobody else. thankfully, the title track only features her speak but it's still enough to ruin an already bad song. she introduces the song by saying, "daddy, today in school, teacher wanted to know what america meant to us. so i thought, since you've been around so long, you'd be the to ask. so, what does america mean to you, dad?" "hmph... i'm glad you asked me that, honey," tony chuck before singing the some of the lamest lyrics i've ever heard. basically, he just names a bunch of things are "america" him, which are all the most trite things anybody could ever come up with, including "the house [he lives] in." america/snooze fest continues after that, as he actually closes the album with "god bless america." the song, which been recorded enough and should really never be on anybody's album ever again, is complete with a sax solo, cheezy revolution-style drumming, a flute solo, and angelic backup singers. by the time that song ends, just over 30 minutes after the album began, the listener is sure to be sawing logs and drooling. in fact, i should try playing this album before i go to sleep one night, as i often suffer from insomnia.



if you're looking for this album, i believe that newer copies have replaced the cover to the left with the back cover picture to the right, with tony leaning against his car like a pimp. anyway, tony, i'm glad you've got a new talk show to keep you busy for a while because your music career is not going to take you anywhere but the clearance bin.


W
ORIGINALS
MUSIC PERFORMED BY: Rey Mysterio • Stacy Keibler • Kurt Angle • Rikishi
Eddie & Chavo Guerrero • Stone Cold Steve Austin • Lita • Dudley Boyz
Booker T • Chris Jericho • Trish Stratus • John Cena • Lillian Garcia

various wrestlers
wwe originals
columbia records (2004)

first of all, this is not quite as exciting as it looks from the cover. i don't even watch wrestling, but i couldn't pass this one up. while the songs on this disc are all new and not covers, they are not all actually written by the wrestlers themselves. some guy named james johnston (like a million other guys) wrote all of the songs, except for one, which was actually written and performed by **john cena** (and dj chaos). however, if i were mr. johnston, i wouldn't be too quick to claim these songs. he gets an "a" for effort, as he tried to match each song style with each wrestler's personality. unfortunately, the songs are all pretty bad. that could be an almost endearing thing if they had each written their own songs — in the way that folk art is appreciated, even though most of the people who create it should really step away from their paintbrushes forever — but this guy is presumably a professional songwriter.

also, **stone cold steve austin** sucks. i imagine that the five segments with him are as staged as his wrestling matches, but they're not even funny. each segment is just him bitching about how he doesn't want to record a song and would rather drink beer. during the second one, he is supposed to be playing a wailing guitar solo...

but are we really supposed to believe that his meathooks are capable of doing anything but holding a beer or punching guys in the face? no, i don't think so. anyway... the album begins without anything too interesting. **rey mysterio**'s song sounds like **gerardo**. **booker t**'s song sounds like **2pac**, *and* he actually raps something about "all eyes on me" in one part. after that, we are treated to "i don't suck (really)" by **kurt angle**, who won a gold medal at the 1996 olympics and went on to be a professional wrestler. the only part of the song that he sort of sings is when he repeats "i don't... suck!" for the chorus. the rest is pretty much spoken braggadocio, but feels like he actually has a sense of humor about it. i mean, could he really be serious when he says lines like, "anything you can do, i can do better / even when i rap, i rap more better / it's like my body, when wrapped in leather / perfection, and it gets no better?" this song sucks so bad that it's amazing. then the album gets pretty boring again until "we lie, we cheat, we steal" by **eddie & charo guerrero**, whose song simply feeds pretty much every latin stereotype. again, i'm sure this is a joke, but i would just figure that they'd feel like they were selling out their own people. the next song to stand out is a slow jam titled "put a little ass on it" by **rikishi**. i'm still not even sure what this means ("i'm gonna show you something / that's gonna make it better / i just need you to follow / my prescription to the letter"), but i just love how the chorus is nothing more than the title, with back up falsetto repeating "ass on it." **stacy keibler**'s song is so processed and pro-tooled that it's really just laughable, like a **britney spears** song. the closing song is john cena's "basic thugonomics," which is a fairly forgettable thug rap song. however, it does have a violin sample in the background and contains the classic line, "taking over earth and still kicking in uranus." damn.

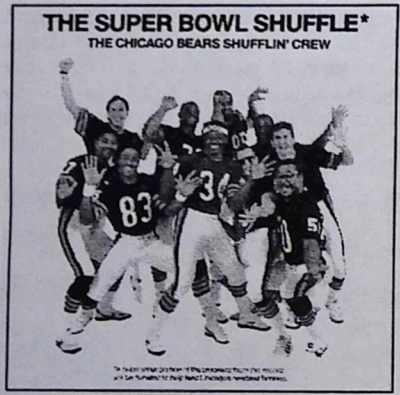
honestly, i can't see anybody listening to this except hardcore wrestling fans. even then, i'm not really sure that it's something they could listen to very often. and based on reviews that i've read, they all seem to hate kurt angle's song.

mc skat kat and the stray mob
the adventures of...
virgin records (1991)

i'm continually amazed at what major labels actually deem worthy of release. sure, **paula abdul**'s "opposites attract" video was pretty cool at the time, still riding the breaking wave of *who framed roger rabbit*. but mc skat kat was not a cool enough (cartoon) character on his own to warrant an entire album's worth of material. in addition, most of the songs are over four minutes long! to get an idea of just how bad this album is, one doesn't need to go much further than the opening lines of the opening track ("big time"): "mary, mary, mary had a little lamb / but paula had a cat / and this one knew how to rap." the song serves as nothing more than a braggadocious introduction to **mc skat kat** and each member of the stray mob. following that is "i ain't no kitty," which features more awesome lyrics like, "my rep is so large, i make garfield pout / tom chase jerry but he don't want none of this / because he knows he'll get dissed." the party keeps going with "no dogs allowed," using double entendre to craft a song about ladies with hot bodies and busted faces, similar to **black sheep**'s "strobelite honey." in fact, whoever does skat kat's voice sounds a bit like **drés** at times, especially on the party anthem "gotta get up." but then he sounds more like **will smith** on the very next song, "kat in the casino."

after that is "on the prowl," a title which pretty much makes the song's premise pretty obvious. the real party track turns out to be "skat strut," which features a mean vocoder saying, "we can boogie on down." however, it also contains these painful lyrics (and more), "well, you've never seen a cat with so much charisma / got more moves than a mutant ninja / (turtle, that is) / and i'm doing the skat strut / to hell with john travolta and the disco duck." skat kat also namedrops paula abdul again in this song — "me and paula did a duo / and then i went solo." after that, the album feels as if it has been playing for about three hours, even though it's only a bit more than halfway over.

in the lyrics for "new kat swing," it says something about the "crap in 'opposites attract,'" which i first thought was snuck in there by the disgruntled person who had to type it out. but i guess that's what he says in the song, although it sounds more like "crack." i mean, i realize that sometimes a job is just a job and bills need to be paid, but i cannot imagine being a musician, singer, or anybody who actually worked on this album. how embarrassing would it be to be derrick "delite" stevens and have to admit that you actually voiced mc skat kat? not to mention, this album is very slickly produced, which must have taken many, many hours, as well. i just can't imagine going into the mixing room day after day... "yep, working on that skat kat album again... oh, today we're doing a b-side, '(i met you at the) scratching post.'" also, who was the target audience? he says "hell" more than once, and the booklet has a little blurb about "rock the vote." but i don't think anybody over the age of 18 was seeking this one out. music took two steps back when this album was released.



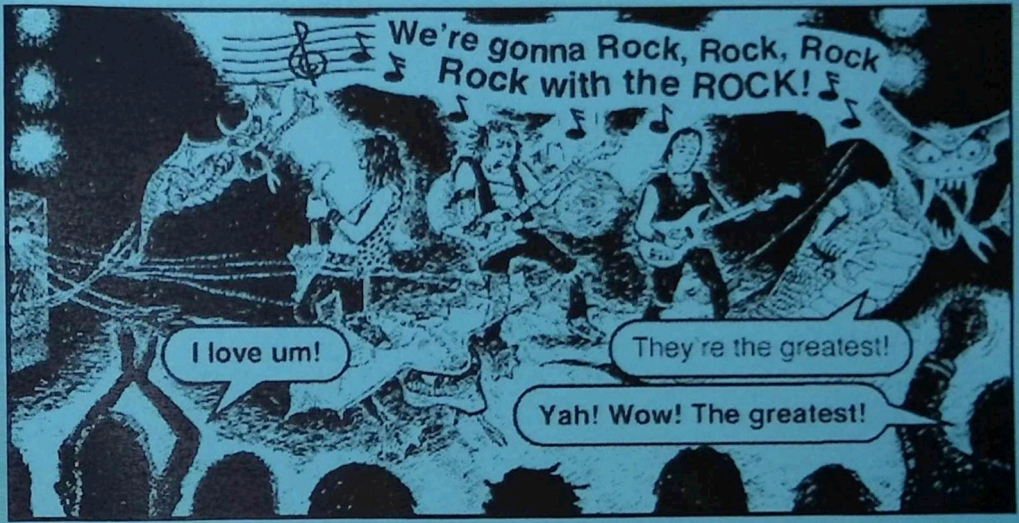
chicago bears shufflin' crew
the super bowl shuffle
red label records (1986)

"many of your favorite chicago bears players rappin' and rollin'," touts the back cover of this one-off single by this nfl supergroup. this record's popularity probably helped pave the way for shaquille o'neal's rap career (thanks, bears). this pseudo-rap song somehow made it to #41 on the billboard hot 100 chart *and* was actually nominated for the "best r&b vocal performance by a duo or group" grammy, losing to **prince & the revolution** yet still shaming the grammys years before the whole **milli vanilli** debacle. luckily, these guys didn't sign a multi-album deal, and what is contained on this slab of vinyl is their entire recorded legacy. however, living in a suburb of chicago at the time, i cannot even count the number of times i had to hear this song when it was released. and while even i recognized its novelty, i didn't see it as a daily anthem as many other chicagoans apparently did. my parents had the 7-inch record and had recorded the video off of tv. like most residents across illinois, they were all about "da bears" at that time. unfortunately for them, we moved to alabama a few years later, where nobody even cared enough about the chicago bears to make their games available to watch. but i digress... this song is painful now, and i would imagine that even my parents must find it hard to listen to almost 20 years later. r.i.p. w.p.

various metal bands
new york metal - 84
rockcity records (1984)

this one is too easy, and i almost didn't include it because of that. i could write this whole thing just by looking at the sleeve alone, so that is where i will start. the image they chose for the cover of this compilation is amazingly horrible. it features a man wearing chains and a diaper, being caressed by a woman holding a whip and wearing plenty of leather, spikes, and fishnet, while a sparse amount of candles and smoke decorate the background. they then chose one of the most un-metal fonts ever created for the title. and hey, why bother coming up with some sort of title like *eat these licks*? just tell it like it is — this is a compilation of nine bands from new york's underground metal scene in 1984. i had never heard of any of them before, except for **overkill**, although i couldn't name a single song of theirs. this record has a "special new york dedication to the late, great john ono lennon who stood for new york and rock and roll, long before 'metal' was even a term." after reading that and putting the needle on the opening grooves, i am immediately pummelled by a song titled "whore" by **warhead**. there is plenty of wailing between the guitar and the vocals, but i have absolutely no idea what this song is about. next is "still of the night" by **cities**, which doesn't sound like a very metal name. but they definitely belong on

this record, with more wailing and a lot of double kickdrum. again, i don't really understand much of anything other than the title of the song. they are followed by **takashi**, who are more of the **poison** type of metal than the first two bands, with a song titled "live to rock." its title pretty much gives away its story — "watch the lights go out / crowds, they scream and shout / live to rock / rock and roll." the song is pretty standard, but strangely features a very prominent cowbell everytime there is a long guitar solo. after that are two songs by **virgin steele**, the first of which is "guitar war 84," which should have been called "3 minutes and 47 seconds of guitar wankery" as it is nothing but a very extended solo. their second song is titled "virgin steele" and is a sprawling, synth-infused, operatic anthem, presumably telling the band's backstory. the b-side begins with **teazer**, whose lead singer produced this compilation and got to be the diaper-wearing cover model. their song is called "day zero," and is a song that should be played while wearing sunglasses and riding a motorcycle at night... or at least that's what i imagine. next up is **blacklace**, the first female-fronted band on the compilation, with a song titled "damn cheater." it's just another song about drinking, partying, and fucking. but it apparently inspired the fragnito brothers, who were half of the band, to call their later band **damn cheetah** and re-record the song almost 20 years later. after that is overkill doing "feel the fire," which is one crazy-ass song, with my favorite parts being when the singer wails "satan waits tonight" and holds the last note for about a minute. this song later became the title track of their first album. **deathslayer** is the second female-fronted band on this comp, with their song titled "journey for light." it's the only song on here to feature harmony on the chorus, but otherwise doesn't stand out. last but not least is **frigid bich**. i'm not sure if they just didn't know how to spell or did that so that their albums could still be sold in stores. their song is titled "we rule the night," and let me be the second to tell you that they do. on their website(!), they also claim their song is the stand out on this record. ah, if they say so, i'll just let them have it, then. my ears are bleeding by now, anyway...


We're gonna Rock, Rock, Rock
Rock with the ROCK!
I love um!
They're the greatest!
Yah! Wow! The greatest!

compliments of:

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